
Title: Occupation of Cove

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Over a legion of the Society's best warriors were posted across the bay from Cove. The small hamlet knew nothing of the darkness in store for them. Dryzzid Losstarot, Necrosavant of the Society could feel Cecil, Count of Cove, scrying from within. He was watching the mass of troops that would soon descend upon his little village. A faint smile overcame Dryzzid as he could sense an easy victory on the horizon. He recalled to the Tower of Angamandi, the base of the Society of Arcane Shadows, and home of Lord Artisem. There he awaited Nas'Rath, Navix, and Dea, three fellow members of the Society. "We are traveling to Cove, in an attempt to locate Cecil." With those simple words said, a portal was opened to the gate of Cove.

The party entered the village, but Dryzzid stopped soon inside. "Navix...you search down there. Nas'Rath, the walls, see if he is hidden inside them. Dea, you search inside the houses. Harm no innocent townsfolk." They all spread out in search of the Count of Cove. Dryzzid walked casually through the hamlet, eyeing the townsfolk and guards.

They seemed to hold him in suspicion, rightly so. It wasn't hard to locate Cecil. Dea, a young necromancer, reported that he was in the guard tower overlooking the bay. The sun was falling behind the peaks of the western ranges as the members of the Society made their way to the doors of the tower. A mere utterance of An Por and the doors flew open before them. They made their way to the top of the tower, where Cecil awaited.

"So the end has come, eh?" the Count said, his back turned to them. His voice was grave and without emotion. "I suppose it has" Dryzzid retorted. Cecil turned to face him. "It was a good effort, none the less. However, one man and a few of his best cannot hold out against an army." Cecil turned and pointed to the mass of troops across the bay. Dryzzid smiled faintly. "You are wise." Cecil snapped back at him "I know when to quit. Your army has stopped shipping into the city. The small farms and mining facilities cannot sustain an entire population. Cove cannot withstand an attack now, though it is a fortress. I am sure yours shall find it suitable...for better or worse." A nod and a grin was Dryzzid's reply.

"Then we can avoid bloodshed then?" He smiled coldly at Cecil, showing no emotion or shock. Cecil paused a moment, then spoke again.

“Cove is yours Dryzzid. Let us hope that your fist is less clenching than mine own.” A broad grin displayed itself across Dryzzid’s face. “Be on your way...there will be no bloodshed for the village of Cove.” Cecil departed. No harsh words were spoken between the two.

The Necrosavant turned and faced those who accompanied him. “Let it be known...that from this point forward...Cove is under the rule of The Society of Arcane Shadows under Lord Artisem!” He gave them all orders to prepare the village for the arrival of the Society’s army. “Oh...yes...Navix. Have the townsfolk prepare this tower. I want it suitable for my personal quarters. I am returning to Shadowspire to inform Lord Artisem myself. I shall accredit you all, of course.” With that he recalled away, pleased with himself and his successful plans.